

# Turbonegro, High On The Crime

When you're bored and you need a kick  
When you're hot and your fingers itch  
Don't wanna go to work again ever no more, boy  
Every night when I'm on the prowl  
My brain is burning then I want it all  
Don't ever want to pay for anything anymore, boy  
Just grab it 'cause it's yours and the empire's dying  
Just grab the stuff and hit the door  
And you'll be high on the crime, high on the crime Come on

so come on, come on  
grab your booty and you're on the run  
come on, come on  
get your buzz on, and the heat is on

All you guards that I got out past  
Tell your boss he can invoice my ass  
The speed slow me down but I'm still smartest in my class, boy  
Whatever  
When your mommy is too cold to buy your pills  
And your daddy ain't around to pay your bills  
I've been hungry  
But not enough to kill, boy  
Just grab it 'cause it's yours and the empire's dying  
Just grab the stuff and hit the door  
And you'll be high on the crime, high on the crime  
Come on

So come on, come on  
Grab your booty and you're on the run  
Come on, come on  
Get your buzz on, and the heat is on  
So come, on come on  
Grab your booty and you're on the run  
Come on, come on  
Quick you dirty rat shake your buns